

Third Tennessee Infantry Recollections of Private Samuel Mitchell, Giles County, Tennessee



The following articles were written by Sam C. Mitchell who had previously served as a private in Co. A, 3rd. Tennessee Infantry Regiment, Confederate States of America. It was provided to Julia Ashley on April 14, 2000, by Mr. Robert Wamble of Giles County, Tennessee. Mr. Wamble is a wonderful genealogist and in this writer's opinion, is the leading expert in Confederate veterans of Giles County, Tennessee. Appreciation is also expressed to Mr. Maurice Woodard who took the time to copy Sam's writing from microfilm and provide it to us.

This is the actual flag of the Third Tennessee Infantry



This series of articles relate to the experiences of the Third Tennessee Infantry during the Civil War, and includes experiences in the Camp Douglas POW camp in Chicago. Unfortunately, Mr. Mitchell died before the entire series could be completed.

Thomas Franklin Dunlap, great-great-grandfather of Julia Robertson Ashley was a member of the Third Tennessee and a prisoner of war at Camp Douglas. These pages are being dedicated to his memory and to the citizens of Giles County, TN (past, present, & future!).. Please visit: [Julia's Civil War Page](#).



(From The Pulaski Citizen, Oct. 15, 1887)

DONELSON.

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Recollections of a Private Who Participated
in That Memorable and
Bloody Fight.
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It is not in good taste possibly to apologize in the beginning of an historical article, but I will beg the indulgence of my readers and ask pardon for any inaccuracies that may occur. Twenty four years is a long time to remember anything, but it will readily be seen that it is almost impossible to gather from memory alone all the stirring events connected with the battle and fall of Donelson. We were at Russellville, Ky., when we heard of the Fishing creek disaster and the death of Gen. Zollicoffer. Only a few days elapsed before the fall of Fort Henry. The troops then at Russellville consisting of the 14th Miss., Col. Baldwin; 2nd Ky., Col. Hanson; 3rd Tenn., Col. Jno. C. Brown; 32nd Tenn., Col. Ed. Cook; 26th Tenn., Col. Jno. Lillard; 41st Tenn., Col. Rob't Farquaharson; 18th Tenn., Col. J. B. Palmer, and Floyd's brigade of Virginians and Porter and Gain's Batteries, were ordered to Fort Donelson. We proceeded to Clarksville by rail and from thence to Donelson by the river. My regiment, the 3rd, took passage on the B. M. Runyan. We arrived at Donelson on Saturday night, Feb. 8. We were met at the river by numbers of the 53rd Tenn., and taken to their quarters, and they treated us quite hospitably. The 53rd was made up of our neighbors and friends and they were very glad to see us. They thought the 3rd were veterans then, but although we had been in the service since May '61, we were here to receive our BAPTISM OF FIRE, though the regiment was thoroughly disciplined and drilled and all had had the measles, the indigenous disease of camp life. The enemy had made no demonstration on Donelson after the fall of Henry. On Sunday, Feb. 9th, we were ordered to get ready for inspection and we were scattered around cleaning our guns, which had been soiled by the trip from Russellville. I remember well I was sitting on a stump near the road that ran in the direction of Fort Henry, burnishing my gun, when a hatless horseman came rushing by crying "Yankees! Yankees!" Old man Arbegast blew the assembly call on the bugle and the 3rd fell in line. We were marched about a mile to the crest of a hill which we occupied the greater part of the time during the siege. After halting we threw out skirmishers and went in hunt of the enemy. All our hearts were in our mouths for we momentarily expected the yankees. Men may talk in times of peace what they will do in battle, but no man lives who has never been under fire can appreciate the feelings of a soldier in his first battle. The mind goes back with the speed of light to home and loved ones there, thinking perhaps in a few short hours one will be a bloody corpse, or with mangled limbs lying on the field of carnage, helpless. It takes more courage to go into the first fight than to fight a half dozen battles afterwards. Our skirmish line, much to our delight, failed to find the enemy. The whole scare originated from a scouting party of Gant's cavalry being ambushed by a party of federal cavalry and stampeded, and the bravest veterans are demoralized by being

were brought to the scratch a third time and as "one" was called, Ned broke down, saying: "Gen. Brown, you knows I loves Major better 'an anybody, 'cepin' 'tis you." This broke up the duel but Ned and Major were ever after the best of friends and quit quarreling.

It snowed again on Friday night. We were worn out, not having slept for two days and nights and having been under fire the whole time. We tried to sleep that night but made but a poor out of it. Many of us were frost bitten it being intensely cold. Up to this time we had HELD ALL OUR LINES unbroken, the enemy not having captured a single point and our losses being insignificant compared to theirs, they being the assaulting party. Before day on Saturday morning we silently formed under the hill in rear of our works, leaving the 41st in the ditches. We marched to the left of our line on the Argus Ferry road, there we remained in position for some time; at last we were ordered out of the ditches to charge the enemy. We struck them in a dense thicket where we had a bloody struggle but we drove them from their lines, killing and wounding a large number of their men. We came near decimating the 11th Illinois, yet we paid very dearly, Capt. Clack's company to which I belonged losing 19 men killed and wounded. Jim Mack Bunch and Ed. Gordon were killed and Tom Lindsey, Eb. Buford, Jim Short, Jno. Pittard, Voss Plummer, Tank Webb, Phillip Mitchell, Bob Nevils, Misenheimer and others wounded. The ball that struck Eb. Buford drove a portion of his musket pick clear through him. The wire was imbedded in the ball when it was found in his clothing.

We were ordered back to the ditches and after calling the roll all of our company could be accounted for except Misenheimer and Jim Mack Bunch. We knew poor Jim was killed, but knew Misenheimer was wounded. Capt. Clack sent me out to look for him and I searched for a long time before I found him. HIS THIGH WAS BROKEN about midway between the knee and hip. He had crawled from where he was wounded to a point near the road. I tracked him by the bloody limb dragging through the fresh snow. When I found him he was almost exhausted by loss of blood and the intense cold. I carried him to the road and put him in a wagon. Poor Jim Bunch we never saw him after he was killed. We were then ordered back to the position which we had left in the morning.

While we were fighting on our left the enemy had obtained a lodging in a secure position in front of the 2nd Kentucky, which we tried to drive them from, but failed losing many men in the attempt, among the number Sergeant Compton, our color bearer, a noble, gallant fellow. When night arrived on Saturday we had been victorious at all points save the last mentioned charge. Our men were in splendid spirits; we had driven the enemy from our front on our left and the army could have been saved, but Gen. Pillow was overconfident or incompetent, either of which was fatal to us; but surrender had not been thought of in the most remote degree by the men. If it had, half of the garrison would have escaped. We felt that we had A GLORIOUS VICTORY, but the point from which we had driven the enemy on Saturday night and to our utter surprise and humiliation we were surrendered on Sunday morning. Floyd and Pillow had left us, Floyd taking his brigade with him and in the words of Walter Scott, "We bore the fate our leader shunned."

There is no censure for Gen. Buckner, who was a chivalrous soldier and was man enough to take the fate of his men and shirk nothing. If his council had prevailed on Saturday the gallant men who had held the place for four terrible days and nights against fearful odds, would not have been surrendered, but would have escaped and been in the battle of Shiloh.

Some of the very finest troops in the southern army were NEEDLESSLY SURRENDERED at Donelson.

Gen. Sydney Johnson never intended to try to hold Donelson after the evacuation of Bowling Green, at least only long enough to get his army to Nashville. Pillow was brave but not fitted to command an army.

The troops were marched down to the river front and stacked arms. We stacked our arms to the 31st Indiana. I then thought they were a fine looking body of men. They were armed with new Enfield rifles, something then new to us. After we had stacked arms they got to tearing down the stacks, and some of the guns being loaded were discharged, killing two of their men. The battle of Donelson had been well and nobly fought by the entire garrison and they deserved a better fate than the one that befell them, yet they made a record that any soldiers should be proud of. They had never been called on to go that they did not move with alacrity. They had not failed to hold any point on the whole line. They had shown themselves to be AMERICAN SOLDIERS of the highest type. Late in the evening of the 16th our regiment was placed on board the steamer Tecumseh. We had no idea where we would be taken. On this evening I saw Gen. Grant, the only time I ever saw him.

By the terms of the surrender our officers were to retain their side arms, but we had not been on board the boat long before one Maj. Boyd of the 52nd Illinois was going around demanding the side arms of the officers. Col. Brown of the 3rd was talking with a group of officers, among the number Col. Heiman of the 10th, and he made some remark which this same Boyd took exceptions to, when hot words ensued and Col. Brown denounced Boyd as a cowardly, meddlesome rascal, and at one time it looked as if blood shed would be the result. If Boyd had tried to do Col. Brown bodily harm he would have been torn to shreds in a moment, for the time never was and never will be when the boys of the 3rd Tennessee will not rally to their gallant old COL. JNO. C. BROWN. While we were lying at anchor on Sunday night all at once a terrible firing took place on the Hurricane deck of the boat where a company of the 52nd Illinois was stationed. We afterwards learned that a dog had jumped overboard and they thought it was a rebel, hence the firing. On the 19th we moved down the Cumberland. The capture of the boat was freely talked of and would have been done if it had been attempted, but the whole of the lowlands were covered with water and if we had captured the boat we could not have made our escape. Nothing of interest occurred until after we left Cairo going up the Mississippi river; while passing Cape Girardeau, we saw an immense number of school children coasting on a large hill between the river and the school building. Quite a number of our boys were enjoying it, when all at once the coasting ceased and up went the caps of the school children with a cheer, which was answered from the boat by the REBEL YELL. When we reached St. Louis we were anchored out in the river for a whole day. While here the Rev. James Brooks, a Presbyterian minister who was reared in Pulaski, came on board to see us. Here it was that the officers and men were separated, we going to Columbus, Ohio. The Tecumseh took us to Alton, Ill., where we were placed on a train of box cars, without any fire, the thermometer being at zero. Several of our boys were sick, among the number Tom. Wells, who was quite sick; and although we were crowded together like sheep in a stock car, we had by great effort made room for him to lie down, when a cowardly little conductor ordered him up so as to put more men in our car. We told him to get out and he seemed not to heed, when a big Irishman of the 10th

started toward him and he jumped out. He would have been roughly handled if he had not left. Nothing of interest happened until our arrival at Chicago on Sunday, Feb. 23rd. We were taken off the cars at the Chicago and Alton depot and marched a mile or more through snow freezing and slush to Camp Douglass. Men were made to walk who if it had not been for the assistance of their comrades would have fallen in the street. Old one armed Gen. Sweeny, AN OLD BRUTE, was the cause of it. Capt. Newton, 52nd Ill., who was in immediate charge of our regiment, regretted it very much. Capt. Newton was a true, manly gentleman, and treated us kindly and humanely. We were given good quarters at Camp Douglass, where for the present I will leave the regiment and in my next will give our life for 7 months in a yankee prison. It may be said I write too much of my own command, but as I have nothing but memory to call on, I will have to confine myself to what took place largely in my own regiment. All the troops at Donelson behaved well and all deserve equal praise.

Sam C. Mitchell

(From The Pulaski Citizen, Oct. 27, 1887)

CAMP DOUGLASS

Vivid Description of Life in a Yankee
Prison by a Rebel

I left our command at Camp Douglass, Chicago, in my last. Camp Douglass had been a camp of instruction for the federal army. It was laid off near Lake Michigan on the south side of the city near the Douglass monument, which was plainly visible from the prison. The camp was in the form of squares, these being four in number. Barracks were built around all four of these squares; one street ran from the center of each square to the square adjoining. These squares were about the size of the public square in Pulaski. The ground was perfectly level and very sandy. When we arrived at Camp Douglass we were utterly worn out, even those of us that were well, while a large number were sick and many DIED FROM THE TERRIBLE EXPOSURE incident to the trip from the south to north. The earth was covered with snow for weeks after we arrived and the weather was intensely cold. Each company was given one long room with bunks three stories in height, each bunk capable of holding two men to the story or six men to the bunk. We had one large cannon stove in each room or barrack, but we could not keep fire enough to keep comfortable during the severest weather. Each company had a kitchen attached to the barrack, where the cooking and eating was done. Many of the boys will remember the snow balling which took place on the evening of our arrival between a portion of the 3rd and some of the 23rd Ill. It came near being serious before it ended for pop bottles and lumps of coal were substituted for snow. We charged the yanks and drove them into their own square and here the thing was stopped. Great crowds of men and women visited the prison from day to day after we had been

who was at Camp Douglass in 1862 will remember Hodges, the little sutler. He kept a good supply of sutler's goods, but he made us pay well for them. Up to the time Col. Mulligan was removed, hucksters were allowed in the prison and we could get things cheaper than from the sutler. Mary Ann, an Irish woman, used to bring us fish and other market articles which those who had the money would buy and divide with those who did not. Camp Douglass was the first place I ever saw any navy tobacco. We of the south had been used to much better tobacco than we found here, but we could do no better and some learned to love it. I do not remember ever knowing any man in the army who did not use tobacco in some form. We used to amuse ourselves the best we could; we played every kind of outdoor game that we knew, and card playing went on both day and night. A copper cent was the ante in A GAME OF DRAW and you would see as much interest displayed over the copper stake as if it were gold. At night we danced and amused ourselves as best we could. I have seen some high old times at some of the dances. Our company officers were sent to Johnson's Island and the field officers to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. We used to get letters from them every week. Col. Brown kept us posted about exchange matters. Our company lost two noble boys by death while we were prisoners, Billie Burton and Bud Harwell. They were taken out and buried but we do not know where. Their brave spirits with others will arise from the cold, inhospitable shores of Lake Michigan and mingle with their comrades in eternity where there will be no more separation. We had some funny incidents while at Chicago. One night two of our company got into a fisticuff and for a time things were quite lively, when one of them called out "quit, you are hurting my sore finger." This ended the fight. One evening quite a squad of boys concluded to escape. Among the number was "Argie." He came around to tell all of us good bye, saying he was going home, and asked us what he must tell our folks. But as Burns says:

"The best laid schemes of

"Mice and men

"Gang aft agee."

'Twas so with the boys for they failed utterly. They undertook to escape under the floor of an old building that was on the line of the outside fence. They went under but to their utter horror found they could not get out and they stayed wedged under the floor all night. Many funny stories were told about it and if you will ask "Argie" how he escaped from Camp Douglass he will tell you all about it. OLD BROWNLOW and Ex Gov. Campbell came to prison and made speeches to us urging us to take the oath. It was all that the level headed men could do to keep the boys from egging Brownlow. After the speaking was over a little nasal twanged yank got up and said he would like for the purpose of saving time to have them to report by companies and regiments as near as possible. He began to call the rolls of different commands and to his utter astonishment not fifty men out of 7,000 took the oath. The 3rd contributed one, Bob Ellis of "Oh, sweet Mr. Andy Johnson" fame, and a fellow named Clark who belonged to Capt. Graves' artillery, who had got with us after Donelson fell. We had been missing many things for some time but did not know who was the thief, but after Clark left the stealing ceased. In this prison sprang up that strong affection between the 3rd and the 10th Tenn., which lasted till the end of the war. As old Jimmie Conley expressed it, the bloody 10th and the bloody 3rd were as brothers, and no enemy ever drove them from position when together. The old 10th was a glorious regiment. They

reflect credit on our state and the land of their nativity. Lord McCauly but told the truth when he says the Irish are finest soldiers in Europe. 'Twas the gallantry of the Irish that drove Napoleon's army from Spain, and Irish and English troops with an Irishman as a leader destroyed Napoleon at Waterloo and drove that fiery, splendid intellect into exile. All honor to the gallant Irish. They always fight for the country they live in. We were mighty blue for some time after our capture, for disaster after disaster befell our army on the Mississippi. The enemy seemed to have their own way, but at Shiloh things took a slight change, and when we got a copy of the Chicago Times giving an account of the first day's fight our hearts were glad, and although we didn't yell we were perfectly happy. After this the yanks would not let us have the news if they could avoid it. Up to this time the enemy would not talk about exchanging prisoners, but during the summer of '62 Gens. Johnson, Lee and Stonewall Jackson took all the conceit out of them and they came to their senses. We felt cheered by the news from Virginia, which helped us to bear our confinement. One night about nine o'clock a terrible racket was raised in the southwest part of the camp; guns were fired and the officers of the guard were called for from every quarter of the line. It seems some fellow had knocked one of the sentinels down with a brick and quite a number of the prisoners made their escape. As before stated the guards were militia and they having learned that the confederates had arms they were terribly frightened and they were shooting all round us, some of their bullets going through our barracks. We had our lights put out and were lying flat on the floor. We did not then know what was the matter. One company of the militia halted near us and the captain made them a heroic speech telling them that we had obtained arms from the rebel sympathizers of Chicago and would make a **DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE**. All the time he was making his harangue his men were falling out and running to the rear, so when he was through and gave the command "forward, double quick," half of his command had left him. The 10th had a clothesline stretched from their barracks across one corner of the street and had not taken it down, but it was near the ground and these heroes struck it and fell all in a pile. They thought we had fixed it for them and they all broke and fled as soon as they regained their feet. One of the guards called his corporal and shot him, thinking him a reb. Many of the guards left their lines and told the prisoners to go if they wanted to but not to kill them. I do not suppose that the entire prison contained a dozen pistols in the hands of the rebs. The federals had two thousand infantry and a battery of artillery, yet if we had known the real state of affairs we could have easily captured the whole affair, but no one knew what was the matter until next day. About two o'clock on the day following this affair we were all marched out into line and searched. As before stated we were reported to have arms. All the villainous police of Chicago were brought down to do the searching, and they rifled our barracks of all the keepsakes we had brought from home with us our mothers', sisters' and loved ones pictures and all such things. If Chicago still has this same thieving set on duty they deserve the fate the anarchists gave them. I have no sympathy with anarchy, neither have I any for thieves. Quite an amusing accident occurred with big Josh, who is now the sheriff of Lawrence county. He had stuck down in his sock a rib bone of a beef. One of the police was searching him and Jim made him think he wanted to keep that foot from him. He felt the bone and thought he had made a discovery. He pulled it out and was well sold. He gave Jim a large knife he had stolen from some other prisoner for fooling him. We never recovered our trinkets though. The whole thing was conceived by old Hough and the only mistake made by us was that we

did not kill him during the melee. Be it said to the credit of the Chicago Times, it came out boldly against such treatment of unarmed men. Dr. C. N. Ordway visited us and brought us money and other things from home which we greatly needed. Two notorious characters of our regiment, BUSY BILL AND OOTEN deserted and joined the enemy. They were drilled every day in full view of us. Our boys would yell out "Give me your eyes, Ooten." an expression of Capt. Fount Wade, to whose company Ooten belonged. An old woman peddled pies in the camp during the day, and kept them in a kind of safe during the night. One night Joe Dycus and Garrett of Cork stole safe, pies and all and the next morning the old woman painted the prison red with oaths. After the fall of Island No. 10, quite a number of prisoners were sent up from there, mostly artillery men, several of them coming in our regiment. Mr. Linam, Joe McWilliams and others whose names I have forgotten coming in our company. They were all nice gentlemen and Mr. Linam was a man of fine intelligence. All the letters we wrote or received were read by the authorities, so we could get no news that they did not want us to have, but news would creep in some how and the happiest set of men you ever met were the Giles county boys when they heard John Morgan had CAPTURED PULASKI. We formed the acquaintance of many of the different commands, and now after the lapse of twenty five years we can find many bright spots in our prison life. I cannot close this without mentioning Capt. Shipman, our prison commissary. He was as fine a type of the true gentleman as I ever met. In all my dealings with him, and I had transactions with him every day for six months, I found him true and manly and when we went to leave every orderly sergeant in the prison signed a paper giving him credit for his uniform kindness to us. I carried the paper to him myself and when he told me good bye he shed tears and told me that he never had met a more manly and honorable set of men than the confederates in Camp Douglass. The old man's head was white then and ere this no doubt his time is up and I hope his noble spirit found rest in eternity. We were notified on September the 3rd to get ready for exchange and you never saw such joy in your life as was among us then. I will close here and in my next take up from Chicago to Vicksburg. Sam C. Mitchell.



(From The Pulaski Citizen, Nov. 17, 1887)
OUT OF PRISON

Incidents in Camp Douglass -- the Rebels Start South Again.

Since writing my last, some more interesting incidents have come to the front in my memory. Among others the yankees had spies in the prison during the whole time we were there. Among those captured at Island No. 10 were quite a number of Louisiana artillery men and they had but few acquaintances among the prisoners, and the spies often assumed

the garb and character of our Pelican friends. One evening a well-dressed, good-looking man, uniformed as an artillery man, came into our barracks and began cursing the yankees, and said he intended to make his escape even if he had to shoot some of the guards, but unfortunately he had no pistol. He had tried hard to get one but could not find it. He seemed to take a fancy to Dock Hancock and took him to one side to interview him. He begged Dock for a pistol and told him to tell him where he could get one. Dock said he had no idea where one could be had, but that he had an old Bowie knife he could have as he had no use for it. The detective went away and Dock thought no more of it. On the next day a file of soldiers marched into our quarters and inquired for Dock, who was in the kitchen at the time. Some of the boys ran in and told him to skip, so they did not get him, as Dock had more sense than to attack two regiments of well-armed infantry, a battery of artillery and the whole Chicago police force with one Bowie knife. He sent it to Col. Hough to ease his cowardly soul. One day while in Hodge's sutler's store Andy Noonan of the 10th was buying something when a great burly yankee walked up and pushed him from the counter. This was more than the brave Celt could stand and he landed a terrific blow with his fist on the jaw of the impudent yank which felled him as if he had been hit with a maul. The blood ran from his mouth and nose and he lay there as if dead. Really I thought Andy had killed him, and whispered to him to go into our regiment and hide, which he did, and although diligent search was made for him he could not be found. The yank after so long recovered himself and left, a wiser if not a better man. These fisticuffs were not of unfrequent occurrence. Another comes to mind just now. many of us who were at Camp Douglass will remember Felix Martin, a brave, noble boy, of Co. B, who afterwards lost his life in the line of duty. The yanks had a thick-lipped, knock-kneed son of Ham among them, who was as black as a crow in the dark. The aforesaid son of Ham was very impudent to the prisoners when the yankee soldiers were near by to protect him and of course none of us could resent his insults under the circumstances, and he came to the conclusion he was at liberty to do as he liked. So one day he met Felix, who had on a coat made of dressed coon skins with the hair left on, and a cap made of a fox skin with the tail hanging down his back.. The nig made fun of it and in the course of the conversation he called Felix a d**n liar. When Felix took in the situation, seeing none of the yanks near by, HE KNOCKED HIM DOWN and came near stamping the life out of him. He then ran and put on his uniform and the change was so complete he was not found out. No man who was never a prisoner knows the ties that existed and bound one soldier to another. I cannot leave Camp Douglas without paying my respects to "Pig wrist." He was a typical, jolly son of the Emerald Isle, who had a small stand in the prison. His stock consisted of pigs' feet, crackers, mean cider, half mean whisky, and a little navy tobacco. You could hear him any time of the day, "Oh yis; Oh yis; here's your pig wrist and a cracker for a cint, and bejabers for another cint a glass of cider to wash it down with." Pig wrist did a thriving business until the authorities found out that he was mixing mean whiskey and mean cider, which produced a first class drunk, and many of the same were noticeable in both rebs and yanks, for it is a fact everybody drank whiskey in the army that could get it, and here let me say that the poor private got but a small share. At least one half of the whiskey that was issued for medical purposes was drank by the officers, and six sevenths of the one half went down the throats of the quartermasters, commissaries and headquarters doctors, and the sick and wounded suffered thereby. One or two more incidents, and then good-bye to Camp Douglass. On one bright Sunday afternoon four of

the Chicago clergy paid us a visit, and they were nice, modest and courteous gentlemen. They seemed anxious to find a minister among the prisoners and at last they found him. While in the 3rd quarters of Co. H. of they made the inquiry and some of the boys of Company H. went in search of LITTLE TOMMY DAVENPORT, who at that time was a private soldier (and a good one who never flinched). Tommy was found and introduced to the gentlemen who seemed bewildered. Tom did not weigh over one hundred pounds and his prairie like face with here and there a solitary whisker to show that his face was not entirely barren, made him an interesting picture. they opened conversation with him and found him intelligent and a ready talker and they were much pleased with him. Tommy acted the true christian gentleman throughout the war and has as many friends in the 3rd as any soldier who ever served in it. He was one of the preachers who practiced what they preached no fear of death.

The 7th of Sept., 1862, will be remembered by the survivors of the 3rd as long as we live. For on that day we MARCHED OUT OF PRISON and turned our faces homeward. We left all regrets behind us and had nothing but hope, bright hope, before us. Every one was happy and hilarious, for we were once more to be free and have arms placed in our hands to aid our noble brethren who had been carrying on the unequal fight while we were shut up and deprived of our liberty. No man knows what liberty is until he is deprived of it. To hear your people slandered and not be able to defend them was hard to endure. All manner of vile and dirty things were said of the southern people every day in our hearing and had to bear it for the time, but many a vow was taken by the confederates while in Camp Douglas to avenge these insults when we got our arms in our hands again. We were marched out on a bright Sunday morning and as soon as we were out of the enclosure the air seemed to taste better and our hearts were bright. From the prison to the Illinois Central R.R., where we took the cars, we passed through a grove of scrub oaks or black jacks which to me were lovely, after having been shut up seven months with nothing to look at but sand and yankees. We got on the cars close to Lake Michigan. I thought then and think yet Lake Michigan is the prettiest body of water I ever beheld, so clear and pure, and on its shores today there are more cities and enterprise than were on the Euxine or the Mediterranean in the days of Rome's glory. We were placed in common box cars but were quite comfortable for the weather was delightful. Our hearts leaped for joy when the train pulled out and we bid good bye to the place of our incarceration. Northern Illinois is a beautiful prairie country and very fertile but the absence of any forest destroys the effect of this otherwise beautiful country. The inhabitants are industrious and thrifty and have done much to improve the general blank aspect of the prairie. One thing noticeable is the barns which are generally more architecturally demonstrative than the dwellings. Yet all in all 'tis a lovely country. Small towns are thick along the railroad, and at one of those the train stopped Kankakee. This town was settled by the French and like their kindred all over the world they use Sunday as a day of rest, recreation and amusement. So they were out in full force, men and women, to see us. You might as well try to drive a monkey by a basket of red apples as a regiment of confederates by a place where whisky could be had without getting some of it. The train had not been still long before some of our guards found out where they could GET SOMETHING TO DRINK. Corporal Jack A. Jolly, a little squatty yank, took our canteens and the money and ran to a house not far off and soon returned with them full,

and everybody took a nip. You could not hear of prohibition then. And while every soldier would drink some, drunkenness was rare considering the surroundings. There is no place on earth where the stream of morality is as shallow and shoally as in an army. Night came on us soon after leaving Kankakee and of course we saw but little. We slept well, for light happy hearts bring on sleep "that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." The next day we passed Centralia where the Illinois Central forks, one branch going to Chicago and the other to Dunleith in the northwestern part of the state. The railroads in Illinois are for the most part perfectly straight and you can see down the track until vision is lost in the mist. I remember Oden where we crossed the O. & M. one of the horse suckers of the neighborhood was showing off his speed to a sulky. He came dashing along at a high rate of speed over a Southern Illinois turnpike built of round poles in the mud, and while quite near the engine it whistled and away went the horse, sulky and sucker, the sulky bouncing like a rubber ball over the round poles. At last the sucker lost his grip and balance and hit face foremost in a mud hole. A yell went up from all on board. Tom Jackson, our stonewall, hallowed, "get out of that mud; I see you wiggling down there." Southern Illinois impressed me with the idea that Egypt was a good name for it. A great deal of it is a swamp filled with MOSQUITOS, TADPOLES, AND MALARIA. I remember seeing one patch of cotton on the road side. it really looked funny. The plant was very tall but had no limbs on it, standing up straight like a hog weed. We ran at a very high rate of speed all the way. I remember on one down grade we were reported to have run seven miles in six minutes. The train that left Chicago the day before we did fell through a trestle and killed and wounded forty men, including train men, guards and prisoners. We made the trip without getting any one hurt, which was fortunate considering our fast time. Our train had one company of militia on board as guards, commanded by Capt. Wilson, an old gray-headed man. Both officers and men were quite accommodating. In the evening on Monday we pulled up to Cairo, the filthiest and most offensive hole on the father of waters. Gen. Grant once published he had discovered nine hundred separate and distinct stenches in Cairo and had not gone over half the town. Be that as it may, I have never been to any place that I would sooner leave immediately than Cairo. We met several of Gen. Pillow's negroes at Cairo, among the number Gus Batte's Dick. I will bet Hick Ballentine remembers Dick. He was an old fashioned nigger, one that Bill Parrow loved to mimic. When I met Dick I ask him what he was doing in Cairo. "Why, boss, dem yankees comed out to us'es place down dar in Arkansaw by Helena and jes took ebery devil of us and put us down in de bottom of dat boat (?) and shot us up dar, and de fus time I see daylight was right here; and fore God I doan know whar I is. I wants to go back wid you all." Poor fellow, he would have followed us back home if he could. The south was his home and he hates to leave it. John Howard Payne wrote a never dying truth when he penned: "Be it ever so humble, There is no place like home."

We were taken from the cars and placed on the A.M.D. a large yankee transport. We had plenty of room but the boat was as filthy as a cesspool. You could see the graybacks crawling on either deck of the boat like ants on a rotten log. So we were interested, some at least, and any infantry soldier knows what that interest is. When we left Cairo we were accompanied by the tin clad gun boat, Conestoga. I could but notice at the mouth of the Ohio the difference in that river and the Mississippi. The Ohio where the two rivers come

together is the largest looking perhaps, but it is perfectly still, while the other shoots by its mouth as if the Ohio were merely a spring branch. The Ohio there was perfectly clear and the Mississippi always muddy -- the contrast was great. Evidently the crew of our boat were not acquainted with the river for they were continually casting the line, and all day you could hear, "by the Mark Twain," "nine feet," "no bottom," and such like river phrases. When we reached Columbus, Ky., we saw quite a number of boats tied up, among them the Romeo and the Juliet, two beautiful small river crafts. We made slow progress as we did not run at night, but anchored out in the middle of the river. I never knew what was the cause. When we were opposite Osceola, Ark., our boat broke its rudder, and we were detained some time. The most interesting point to us was when we came in sight of the soil of our own beloved Tennessee. A GRAND REBEL YELL went up from the bosom of the Father of Waters, and in our hearts we swore fresh allegiance to our old volunteer mother that we would never desert her, let her fortunes be what they would. We had been charged and are yet charged with fighting for nothing but the nigger. There was not an intelligent man in the southern army that did not know that slavery was doomed when the war broke out. All reading and informed people knew that the civilized world of public opinion was against slavery and we knew that we too insignificant a portion of the civilized world to hold out long. Therefore we knew slavery had to go. Therefore I assert that the young men of the south did not join the army to perpetuate slavery. More especially was this the fact in Tennessee. We fought for HOME AND HOME RULE. Patriotism and honor were the ruling principles in the confederate soldier's heart. That liberty which had been won for us by the bold and courage of our sires we were willing to fight for, and thousands of as brave and gallant men as ever bore arms offered up their lives on the altars of their country who never owned an interest in a negro in their lives. It is a vile slander to charge the confederate soldiers with having no higher motive than to perpetuate slavery. The time has come for us to speak out and defend the memory of our gallant dead and resent with all our might the foul slander by the men who joined the federal army after the war was over. Mr. Gladstone is making the same sight today for Ireland, in a civil way, that we made with cannon and muskets for the south, and may the gods decree that he may be more successful than we.

But from this digression. We were interested in our trip from Cairo south. While running the day we arrived at Memphis we passed a beautiful boat lying high and dry on a sand bar, the Sungleam or Sunflower, I have forgotten which. It showed the changing nature of the river. Where we were running was the sand bar last year and where the boat lay was the river. When we arrived at Memphis we tied up, and quite a number of citizens visited us, among them Rev. W. T. Plummer, whom we all knew at home. He was very glad to see us, and joined us in rejoicing at our return. Our boat was fastened to the soil of TENNESSEE OUR NATIVE LAND and while we were sad that we had left some of our noble boys in unknown graves at the cold and inhospitable north, yet we brought their heroic memory back with us, and in the beautiful words of Mrs. Norton, we could say to their sisters:

"That their brother was a soldier
And not afraid to die."

When we left Memphis we could begin to see signs of war and we were given another

gunboat escort, the federals fearing we might make our escape. Such a thing was not thought of for we knew in a few days we would be exchanged and that any attempt to escape would do no good even if we succeeded. We had some quite exciting scenes from Memphis to Vicksburg. I will reserve them for my next, this article already being as long as my friend Laps can spare space for. I hope that the boys will bear with any inaccuracies for I am writing entirely from memory, never having consulted any book or notes.

S. C. Mitchell



(From The Pulaski Citizen Dec. 22, 1887)

BACK IN DIXIE.

The Voyage Down the Mississippi
and the Exchange at Vicksburg.

The Rebel Prisoners Again Take Up
Arms and go to Whipping Yankees.

We left Memphis and steamed down the river for Vicksburg with light and happy hearts. Not far below Memphis we met a little boat which had come in contact with some live rebels. Her pilot house was riddled with minnies and several cannon shot had gone clean through her rigging. She looked very much torn up and we were much interested in looking at her and felt happy that our comrades were still giving blow for blow. The federals thought it was awful for the confederates to fire on transports and on pioneer corps building telegraph lines. They thought that we would consider such as noncombatants. I remember an incident to the point: Just before leaving Camp Douglass I went to the post office and found one of the clerks, a very nice young man, in tears, and upon inquiry found his brother had been shot from a telegraph pole near Moscow, Tenn. I honored him and felt sympathy for him, but I also honored the southern hero who was disputing every inch of the ground the invaders trod. The yankee asked me if I did not think his BROTHER HAD BEEN MURDERED. I told him no, that war was war and that this was but one of many incidents like it that would follow. When we reached Helena we were anchored out in the river in the midst of the yankee gunboats. I think that of all clumsy, unmanageable things I ever saw, the Mississippi iron clad was the most. Their parts out of the water looked like a mansard roof over a square pig pen, and they had about as much action as a raft with engine and boilers placed on it. It was really amusing to see them trying to turn them around. I remember one, the Cairo, which escorted us from Helena to Miliken's bend. The pilot did not have any control of her at all, and I believe if the current had not held her in the channel, she would have run to the bank and stuck her nose in the mud; yet they were a great terror for a while. While we anchored just below Helena one of our guards undertook to swim from the boat to the shore but the current was too strong for him and he struggled manfully

myself among the number to go with them. We arrived in the capitol city of Mississippi before night, and by the hardest work with the help of some noble women we managed to get our sick in comfortable quarters. After disposing of our sick I took a stroll over the city in search of some ladies, cousins of mine, who lived in Jackson. I was not long in finding them. They were delighted to see me and said they had inquired for me among the soldiers from Tennessee. They went to work that night, and by morning had me decently clad. I shaved and washed my face and my comrades hardly knew me my transformation had been so great. There were three of the sisters, all widows; Mrs. Tarpley, the elder one, was the widow of Collin Tarpley, who was once well known in Pulaski. The kindness of these noble women extended throughout the war to me, and my association with them is one of the two oases in memory of soldier life in Mississippi. Jackson then was the most cold blooded and selfish town in the south. As was said by the boys, it was the home of a few good women and many mean men. The population of Jackson in the aggregate were self-hoisted, stingy, mean and cold hearted. At one time the city council came within a few votes of passing an ordinance forbidding the side walks to private soldiers. I have never yet met any confederate who had any thing good to say of Jackson, Mississippi. All the men who thought anything of themselves had left and joined the army before we struck the place. To our utter astonishment we were stopped here. We had been told all the time we would be sent to Tennessee to Bragg's army, and when told we would have to remain in Mississippi the dissatisfaction was great and the indignation increased when it was known that Gen. Tighlman of Fort Henry fame, was to command us. He was at that time very unpopular and unsavory with the army, his surrender at Fort Henry not being favorably received, yet Gen. Tighlman was a noble, true man, as I will in my next fully show up. We were marched out to the fair ground and reorganized, ELECTING OFFICERS by regular ballot as follows:

C. Harvey Walker, Col.;

Calvin J. Clack, Lieut. Col.;

Thomas Tucker, Major.;

Col. Walker appointed Lieut. David S. Martin adjutant and Jno. Phillips sarg't major. Jno.

D. Flautt quartermaster, Jno. S. Wilkes commissary.

The company commanders were:

F. C. Barber, Capt. Co. A;

R. A. Mitchell, Capt. Co. B;

?? Cooper, Capt. Co. C.

Walter Scott Jennings, Capt. Co. D;

Geo. W. Jones, Capt. Co. E;

Robert McCormick, Capt. Co. F;

David Rhea, Capt. Co. G;

James Walker, Capt. Co. H;

Babe Alexander, Capt. Co. I;

B. Frank Matthews, Capt. Co. K.

The lieutenants as far as I can remember were:

Co. A ? T. E. McCoy, 1st; Henry Jones, 2nd; James Bass, 3rd.

Co. B ? Thos. West, 1st; T. Mitchell, 2nd; May Thompson, 3rd.

Co. C ? Jimmie Doyle, 1st; Sam Strickland, 2nd; Turner, 3rd.

Co. D ? Bud Dunham, 1st; Bob Williams, 2nd; Watkins, 3rd.

Co. E ? Jim Murphey, 1st; Frank Mathews, 2nd; 3rd forgotten.
Co. F ? David Stevenson, 1st; Tom Thompson, 2nd; 3rd forgotten.
Co. G ? David S. Martin, 1st; Jno C. Lester, 2nd; Wallace Rutledge, 3rd.
Co. H ? Jo McCaless, 1st; James Ralston, 2nd; 3rd forgotten.
Co. I ? Jo Lock, 1st; Ike Black, 2nd; 3rd forgotten.
Co. A ? John Hildreth, 1st; Herron, 2nd; 3rd forgotten.

After the regiment was organized a pay roll was made out and each private drew a one hundred dollar bill, new confederate money. We had no arms, so we were permitted to go about at liberty to a great extent and as confederate money there was pretty good, we had as good a time as was possible in Jackson. One evening quite a lot of our boys were sitting in front of the Beauman House, when who should walk up but Busy Bill Combs with a surgeon's uniform on. We saluted him as Major Bill. Gen. Tighlman walked up to Pat. Gooch and Tom. Holt and asked them if they knew Maj. Bill. Answering in the affirmative, the general ordered him arrested and stripped him of his uniform, and placed him in jail. Bill had deserted us, together with Ooten, while in prison and joined the yanks, but when we went to leave he deserted again and rejoined us; showing that a man who will desert one cause will desert another, true to nothing. I will have more to say of Busy Bill hereafter. To our utter astonishment we found our friend Pigswrist in jail in Jackson, arrested and CHARGED WITH BEING A SPY. He like a great many others, even among our neighbors was trying to make a fortune by buying cotton in the confederate lines and smuggling it into the federal lines, and while at it he was caught. Pigswrist was delighted to see us and plead for his release because he was kind to us. I know not what ever became of him. I hope he escaped for he was only trying to make money, which was the chief end of a large lot of men both north and south who care nothing for either side, but whose love of gold drowned all the nobler traits and feelings of true manhood. I will now leave the regiment at Jackson, waiting to draw arms, and will in my next give an account of the north Mississippi campaign in 1862, Springdale not omitted. Look out, boys, for a full account of that great well, I will not tell this time.

Sam C. Mitchell



(From The Pulaski Citizen, Jan. 12, 1888)

REBS IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Old 3rd Reenter Upon the Hardships and Dangers of Camp Life.

For The Citizen.

In my last I left the regiment at Jackson waiting to draw arms. Some time in October, 1862, we secured them old smooth bored muskets with buck and ball ammunition. Just at this time Price and Van Dorn made their attack on Rosecrans at Corinth, Miss., and were

repulsed with disastrous results, showing the authorities at Richmond once again that disciplined American soldiers could not be driven from fortified positions. Price and Van Dorn lost many of the finest troops in the southern army and accomplished nothing. They retreated southward from Corinth, which created considerable consternation about Jackson and Vicksburg. All the exchanged prisoners who had been armed were sent to North Mississippi, our regiment among the number. We got off the train at Holly Springs, then the largest town in North Mississippi. We were all under the command of Gen. Tighlman, but we had no brigadier general to command our brigade. Col. A. Heiman of the 10th was by rank the commander, but that gallant, noble old man was sick at the time and unable for duty; and here let me say that A. Heiman was a soldier in everything that it takes to make one brave, kind and gentle, never murmuring but cheerful and prompt. He died only a short time after this the day he received his commission as brigadier general. If the gallant old man had lived he would have made a name to be proud of. Just after arriving at Holly Springs we had an alarm that the enemy were coming in on the Hernando road and we were marched all night aimlessly around. I do not think men ever suffered for water more than we did that night. I remember late at night we were halted in the woods and every man was looking for water but none could be found anywhere. I found a wagon rut and in it a little muddy water. I laid flat on the ground and drank it and thought it was good. Mississippi is the worst watered state we soldiered in during the war, and when you found it her patriotic inhabitants wanted pay for it. Our alarm turned out to be false, as was often the case during the war. Price and Van Dorn were retreating with part of their army scattered and somewhat demoralized. Northern writers say that the army was whipped badly and the same writers tell us that GRANT WAS A GREAT GENERAL something of a Napoleon yet he let the opportunity of his life slip him after the battle of Corinth. He had all the troops in North Mississippi and at Memphis and other points in West Tennessee under his command, an army five times as large as the confederates, yet he did not follow up his advantages, showing utter incompetency when measured by the standard of the true soldier. In fact, the whole of Grant's military successes were accidental or caused by the merit of his subordinates. Grant had one idea which won in the end. He knew that simple attrition would wear out the southern army, and upon this he acted. Note his useless sacrifice of life in many of his campaigns when similar results could have been obtained with but slight loss. Gen. Grant halted before he reached Holly Springs, so our little army moved out to Cold Water north of Holly Springs and went into camp, where we remained for some time trying to get ready for service, as we had been cooped up for seven months and were not in a condition for severe service. Lieut. Col. Clack and other officers and men had been sent into Tennessee to recruit and we were anxiously looking for their return. After considerable delay the federal army began to move, and as our army was too small to cope with them, we began to retreat, and in this retreat we made a march, never to be forgotten by the men of our brigade the march to Lumpkin's mill, which after an all day and night march we never reached. We were marched rapidly all night on a barren ridge road and no water on it and our suffering was great. The brigade then was composed of the 10th, Lieut. Col. R. W. McGavock; the 3rd, Col. C. H. Walker; the 30th, Lieut. Col. J. J. Turner; the 41st, Col. Rob't Farquharson; the 50th, Col. C. A. Sugg. Col. Farquharson being senior colonel commanded the brigade. Col. Farquharson was not a prohibitionist nor a teetotaler and the story went out the night the troops had been halted: Co. Walker asked Col. F. why he did not put the

men in camp and let them rest, and he replied; "Well (hic) colonel, I (hic) was (hic) trying to find (hic) two trees (hic) in a row (hic) to dress on." While we were terribly tired by this march we had considerable fun. In any country where the sons of Ham form a part of the population you can find them moving about any time of the night, and on the Lumpkin's mill march we met several of them. I remember one of them when asked how far to Lumpkin's mill he said about five miles, and after marching some time we met another who said it was ten miles, which raised quite a laugh mingled with some not very pious exclamations. And so on all night the distance to the famous mill increased or decreased according to the humor of the darky we met. After marching and, as Andy Conner put it, skinning and filing all about and around, we made a stand at Tippah Ford on Tippah river east of the Mississippi Central railroad and north of Oxford. We remained here some time and fortified and made ready to receive the enemy but they never came up. Here Col. Clack came to us with recruits and letters and clothing from home. We were very glad to get letters from our friends and relatives and many of us received clothing which we were very much in need of. And here let me say, GOD BLESS OUR NOBLE WOMEN, for their love and devotion to us while we were in the army forms the brightest, purest and most unselfish figure in the late war. Stay at home men who many of them hid behind twenty negroes and speculating may and did forget us, but our true and noble women, no matter how humble, never breathed a disloyal breath to us. Exceptions there may have been, but they were rare. So I say, all honor to the noble women of the south. To quote from Byron,

"As long as freedom's trunk puts forth a leaf,

For their brows a garland let it be."

At last we were ordered to strike tents and get ready to move from Tippale Fork. We took our tents down and sent them to the railroad and never afterwards saw them. From some cause we did not leave camp that day and the rain poured in torrents from morning 'till night, our time being occupied in trying to keep our ammunition dry. We had some men who at all times could get whisky, and every time they got it some of them would get drunk. Col. Walker used to say that Morgan P., if put down in the Sahara Desert, would find whisky. About dark Morgan and George R. were very drunk and raising Cain all round. Col. Walker had Geo. R. tied to a stump and sobered him by letting the rain pour down on him. We tried to find shelter, some of us in an old gin house, in stables and in hollow trees, &c. Quite an amusing incident occurred with Bill E. that night. Some rebs had found an old house with stick and dirt chimney and were trying to build a fire. They had carried their fire to the building in a spade which was sitting in the corner. Bill E. went in and finding the fire not burning well, cried out "you are all a lot of d**d fools try on my hat," and began pushing the boys about. Unfortunately for Bill they did not know him and one of them slapped him on the cheek with the hot spade. Bill yelled like a Comanche, but he never found the man who STRUCK BILLIE PATTERSON. Adjutant Martin had a great deal of fun and kept Bill's hat as long as he remained with the regiment. Bill was over age and was discharged soon afterwards. He was a good soldier and true to his friends. His unselfish devotion to his sick comrades while in prison will never be forgotten by any of us. On the morning following this terrible night we marched south towards Oxford. On this march we had to

proportion, he was a real show. He had more wool in his suit than was on the backs of all of the remainder of our company. We took Billie in and treated him kindly. Not long after this we had a grand review at Grenada, and while on review we were ordered to Vicksburg. Gen. John Gregg of Texas had at that time taken command of our brigade. While all this was going on our cavalry were not idle. Gen. VanDorn, than whom no better cavalry leader rode in a saddle, had surprised Grant at Holly Springs and came near getting him. He captured the place, killing, wounding and capturing quite a number of men and destroying a large amount of stores, with no loss to himself scarcely. This bold stroke sent the whole federal army back in a precipitate retreat. SHERMAN WAS MOVING down the Mississippi with a large fleet and army and his objective point was thought to be Vicksburg, and Gregg's brigade was ordered thence. We were marched to the railroad, got on the cars and lit out in short order. When we got to Duck Hill station our train had to wait for some time, and by some means the boys found out there were two barrels of Louisiana rum in the depot building, and they made a raid on it. Gen. Gregg found it out and had both barrels emptied out on the floor. The floor was very open and the rum ran through, and underneath there was an excavation, which was once a hog wallow, solid clay, and as smooth as if it had been plastered. The rum all run down in this hole and the boys went under and sank their canteens and filled them and in a short time half of the brigade were drunk. When the train moved off everything was in a perfect uproar singing, laughing, cursing and yelling. Most of us were on flat cars, and it took the sober ones all their time to keep the drunk men from falling off. The train was not running fast or we would have lost quite a number of our men. While passing a water tank some devilish fellow caught the chain used to pull open the pipe that let water in the tender, and pulled the thing wide open, and by some means the chain caught and about ten carloads of men were drenched. I remember some fellow halloed "look out." I Turned and saw a six-inch stream pouring on the boys. Dr. James A. Bowers was the first man it struck and it knocked him flat. It was a funny sight and one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The wetting sobered the men up considerably, but Gregg's brigade was scattered from Duck Hill to Jackson. Jno. E. of Co. B. fell off the train but he came up with no serious injuries. The 10th did not all get together in three days, in fact three of them fell from the car near Jackson, and were killed. At last on the 28th of December, we arrived at Vicksburg. We had been hearing the boom of the federal guns for some time before we arrived. Here I will leave the regiment and in my next will give an account of Sherman's attempt to capture Vicksburg in December, 1862, including the battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

Sam C. Mitchell



(From The Pulaski Citizen, Feb. 2, 1888)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Of a Private Soldier Vicksburg in 1862

3 the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

We arrived at Vicksburg on Dec. 28th with our brigade scattered from Duck Hill to Vicksburg. The big drunk scattered the men as badly as a battle. We went into camp and the officers began trying to get everything in order, and by the morning of the 29th most of the stragglers were in their places. We were camped in the head of one of the numerous hollows that make out from Vicksburg, and that night a real Mississippi river rain fell, a regular water spout, and we were all well wet. Several companies were sleeping along the banks of a small branch which was so swollen that some of the men came near washing away. Many of the 3rd will remember Kiz. Childery and Tom Bryant of Co. E. About light on the 29th you could hear Tom Bryant yelling "Oh, Kiz.!" at the top of his voice, and after repeated calls Kiz. answered a half mile down the stream. "What the devil are you doing down there?" Kiz. answered, "I am looking for my boots." Tom and Kiz. were mess mates and had retired, using a drift of corn stalks as a bed, and the freshet took Tom, Kiz. and drift along, and after getting out of the water Kiz. missed his boots and was moping about looking for them; no doubt while he was looking for them they were in the father of waters moving on to the gulf. After cooking and eating our scanty breakfast we fell into line and moved out to the front. Vicksburg is situated on a hill, or rather a number of hills, running back from the river. Yazoo river empties into the Mississippi above the city, and running parallel with Yazoo river and from one to two miles therefrom is a range of hills running as far up the Yazoo as Snyder's bluff, some fifteen miles or more above its mouth. The confederates held this range of hills and the federals the river and the bottom between the hills and the river. The confederate force in Vicksburg at the time was small, most of the troops never having been under fire. While Sherman had a large army, besides the whole upper Mississippi river fleet. We moved out on the 30th and took position at the foot of the hills. The soil here is sandy and the road that ran at the edge of the hills had been worn into deep cuts, and in this road we formed, using the cuts as breast works. All day on the 30th THE ENEMY SHELLLED US from his gunboats and land batteries, but aside from some brisk skirmishing we had nothing but artillery firing this day. The confederates were commanded by Gen. Stephen D. Lee who afterwards was made a lieutenant general. He so disposed his men that he could concentrate them at any new point quickly. Up to night on the 30th Sherman had not uncovered himself sufficiently to show where he intended to make the attack. We were moved further east on the night of the 30th and on the 31st Sherman developed his hand, which was to attack and carry the confederate position at Chickasaw Bayou. Here Gen. Lee placed Gregg's and Vaughn's brigades, all Tennesseans, and the 30th Louisiana and 2nd Texas. The confederates built works and used the road, trees and everything else that would afford any protection. Sherman kept up a furious shelling and literally tore the earth to pieces in our rear. We had a line of fortification on the top of the hill but we occupied the line at the foot of the hill. After the skirmishing and artillery firing continued for some time we could see the yanks coming. The woods beyond the field in our front was perfectly blue with them and they moved in fine style, huzzaing as they came.

The federal soldiers never learned how to yell, but their cheering was by rote a sort of "hip hip hurrah." As they left the woods and entered the level field in our front we answered them with that soul impressing yell that involuntarily leaped from the throats of our men when under fire, and from our line flew a sheet of lead which mowed them down like chaff. They rallied and tried again and again, but only to be driven from the field. Our men never flinched but delivered their fire with a precision that was perfectly appalling to the federals. They failed in every attempt, but be it said to their credit **THEY FOUGHT LIKE MEN**. Sherman's whole army could not have broken that line. When night came on the attack ceased. The men who charged us were the finest soldiers of the western army, commanded by Maj. Gen. Frank P. Blair in person, and they left half their number on the field dead and wounded. On no battle field of the war were the federals more completely whipped and demoralized than at Chickasaw Bayou. We captured several stands of colors and a number of prisoners and in the short time the engagement lasted we covered the ground in our front with their dead and wounded, while our regiment had only two men killed and ten or twelve wounded. One of the dead was Maj. Tucker of the 3rd. He was not twenty years old but he was as noble and gallant a soldier as ever wore a sword. Our men loved him like a brother and many was the tear shed when he fell. Poor fellow, he was trying to stop the firing on a group of the enemy in our front who had apparently surrendered. He jumped upon the works and ordered the firing to cease, when he was treacherously shot by one of the enemy who was hid in some cane in our front who had thrown up their hands in token of surrender. Maj. Tucker's death was avenged by the death of his slayer and many of those with him. Lieut. James Bass of Co. A. was killed. He too was very young. The spirits of those two brave young men ascended from a field of carnage, but like Wolf at the heights of Abraham, they lived long enough to see victory perch on their standard, and though the cause failed in the end, their bright, brave spirits entered into the new estate while our now conquered banner floated in proud victory. They were buried at Vicksburg, and when the final roll call shall come and all those who have given their lives for their country shall answer, none will have a brighter and purer record than these two bright young men, and the verdict of eternity will be that he who brands them with treason is a slanderer. The enemy in their retreat left all their dead and wounded in our hands, and that night will not be forgotten by Gregg's brigade. It rained in torrents all night long and we had nothing to shelter us, so we had to take it. Gen. Gregg appointed a detail to gather up the dead. There is nothing that smoothes over the roughness of war so much as to have a wounded enemy fall in your hands. We did the best we could for the poor fellows, forgetting for the time that they were our enemies and the invaders and despoilers of our homes. Many of them were Germans who could not speak one word of our language, yet they had sold themselves to the federal government for gold and were driving men and women from homes won by the blood and treasure of the men who won the battles of the Cowpens, Guilford court house, Eutaw, New Orleans, etc who had carried civilization to the wilds of Kentucky, Tennessee and the whole southwest; yet forsooth because they were obeying the noblest of all human feelings, love of home, they must be subjugated even if the slums of Europe had to be hired to do it. But no more of this digression. As before said, the rain poured in torrents but above the howling of the storm the prayers and **GROANS OF THE DYING** could be heard. There in the water and mud they lay, the dead with their sightless glazed eyes turned up to heaven. Some of them were young and only a few hours before life was before them studded with brightest hopes, and

while they lay here in the cold embrace of the great enemy of man, perhaps the prayers of mothers, sisters and wives in the far cold north, and even across the great waters were ascending to heaven in their behalf. We buried them, performing the last rite that one soldier can give another. We fought them while living but we honored the charge that brought them to death. The enemy had but recently been paid off, and many of them had money in their pockets which our boys took care of and used afterwards. We went upon the principle that to the victor belong the spoils, and everything they had that was of use to us we took. Our regiment armed itself here with new Enfield rifles taken from the enemy; in fact our whole brigade did so. We threw out our pickets in our front after dark, and there in the cane we stood and stood and took the rain all night. Tip Stone of Co. A was standing near a small patch of cane, through which ran a gully, and in this gully a dutchman had taken refuge from the storm of confederate lead and when the rain came at night he was afraid to move for fear of being shot. So he laid his head on the bank and let the water run over him. When daylight came Tip thus found him, the sand and mud had buried him completely save his head and arms. He could not speak one word of English, so when Tip told him to get up he did not move but he had to be pulled and dug out. In Co. B, there was dutchman, Giesler by name, in whose charge we placed this raw fellow. Giesler told him that we hung all the yankees we caught but we would spare him if he would tell how much the yanks had suffered in the battle, how many men they had and all about them. He told the most wonderful story, saying we had killed nearly all Sherman's army and that those not killed were in full retreat to the gun boats. Poor fellow, he was sent to the rear and to some prison. In this battle we captured Corporal Jack who had accompanied us from prison as one of our guards. I did not see him but some of the boys did. I expect Jack soon found that it was more pleasant to guard than to be guarded. On the 1st of Jan. 1863, the enemy reembarked and we followed them to the river. The 2nd Texas deployed as skirmishers. They threw a great many shells but as we were below the top of the levy they did little or no harm. Our skirmishers shot many of them from the stage planks as they were getting on the boats. As soon as Sherman had his troops on board he steamed up the river, having met with inglorious defeat in the attempt to capture Vicksburg. He captured one brigade of confederates at Arkansas Port, near the mouth of Arkansas river, after leaving Vicksburg. After Sherman left our front our brigade was ordered to Port Hudson, Louisiana. The morning we embarked was one of the proudest in our history. It had gone out that Gregg's brigade held the salient point in the line and by their heroism and soldierly conduct had saved the city, and when it was known that we were to pass through the city, the whole population TURNED OUT TO DO US HONOR. Col. Clack passed down the line and told the boys to keep well dressed and well closed up, and show the people of Vicksburg that we could march as well as fight. I never saw better marching than the 3rd did that morning. The women were waving their handkerchiefs and cheering us. We felt proud of the tribute paid us, for nothing cheers the hard life of a soldier so much as the cheers of approbation of those for whom he fights, and nothing hurts him more than maltreatment at the hands of the same class. I doubt not there are people living in Vicksburg now who will remember with kindness Gregg's Brigade and the happy morning of Jan. 2nd, 1863. We left Vicksburg on the steamer Dr. Beaty for Port Hudson. Our trip down the river was in the main uninteresting. We passed Grand Gulf at the mouth of Big Black, the point where Grant landed when he invested Vicksburg and Natchez, the capital of Adams county. The main

town is on a high hill or elevation above the river, but between this and the river there is another bench or level which is known as Natchez under the hill. 'Twas here the gamblers and bad characters collected in the days of S. S. Prentiss(?) which gave the city such an unsavory name. Somewhere in the '40s the indignant citizens executed some of the ringleaders, since which time the city of Natchez has had a fair name. It was then as now one of the most cultured places in the state. After a very pleasant trip we arrived at Port Hudson and went into camp. Here Gen. Gregg had his old regiment, the 9th Texas, added to the brigade; also Bledsoe's famous First Missouri Battery. The brigade now was one of the strongest and best in the army. Here we met with a new article of food, at least a different combination of articles to any which we had before come in contact with. 'Twas called potato poan, and for the benefit of any who may wish to try it, I give the recipe: Take one-third corn meal, unbolted, one-third grated sweet potatoes, one third molasses, mix well and bake in dutch oven until well browned.. I do not know how it would go now, but we thought it was fine then. One of the funniest incidents I witnessed during the war was over a box of this same dessert. There was a little railroad that ran from Port Hudson to Clinton, about 20 miles, and to convey the idea as to what kind of road it was, an artist in sketching it for Harpers' Weekly gave a picture of a goods box to which was hitched a mud-turtle and marked it (?) & P. R. R. Our sutlers and speculators, the Jay Goulds of the camp used to go out and bring in on this road anything that a reb would eat, and that comprised everything that would not poison. On this day a box of potato poan was brought in and as soon as it was taken from the cars the boys crowded around trying to buy, but the owner was rather slow in opening up. So one little reb jumped in the box with both feet and mashed everything into a pie, and in five minutes the box was empty and so was Mr. Gould's purse. There he stood cursing and swearing that every cent he had on earth was invested in that box, but the boys only laughed at him, telling him he ought to have had better luck. Monopoly had a poor show in the army when the monopolist was a sutler. Here I will leave the regiment till next week.

S. C. Mitchell.



(From The Pulaski Citizen April 12, 1888)

PORT HUDSON CAMPAIGN.

Personal Recollections of the War Between the States by a Private Soldier.

While at Port Hudson, We whiled away the time in doing pretty much nothing except work on the fortifications. Love of gambling seems to be an indigenous growth in an army, and everything that was a game from chuckaluck to faro, was indulged in by the soldiers in the

southern army. Some men became like Groesus and others like Job. H. C. E. of company F. was one of the most successful card players in the army, and while at Port Hudson he won everything in the whole army that he played for. Poor fellow, he fell in the last charge of the war at Bentonville, N. C. Clay was a fine soldier and a generous hearted man. Chicken fighting was often indulged in, not alone with game cocks, but shanghais, dominicks, bantams and mix breeds, and all alike were entered, and many was the barnyard that was robbed of its strutting and crowing ornament. Soldiers will not steal -- they just took them chicks and not infrequently all the ducks and geese along with them. The roosters for the pit, the hens for the pot. While writing about taking things I am reminded of quite an amusing episode in connection with R. J. B. Our commissary had collected quite a number of hogs, and had them penned up, preparatory to slaughtering, and the boys thought it but fun to take from the government. So one evening R. J. and bug Joab reconnoitered the pen and made preparations for the night attack on the porkers. R. J. prided himself on his superior generalship in foraging, more especially when a large porker was the prize at stake after dark. R. J. mustered his force, consisting entirely of G. company men, and Joab the big was first lieutenant. R. J. put his force in motion and soon arrived at the camp of the hogs. They were all fast asleep, lying in groups, and as R. J. only wanted one he was careful not to wake the others, fearing that the guard be forced to take notice of it. So he said: "Hold on boys; let me get over first." He quietly crawled over the fence and began his search for a single hog, and whispering, "hold on boys; I'll get him." At last he thought of exclaiming "eureka," but fear of disturbing the slumbers of the watchful sentinel and sleeping swine he desisted. An immense hog, as he thought, was lying full length before him and his idea was to fall on the hog, cut his throat and LET HIM BLEED TO DEATH. So he got out his Arkansas toothpick and felt of the edge, to find it ready for the fray. He made ready and the thing which he took to be the hog was only the shadow of one on a mud hole. R. J. stuck fast in the mud and had to be relieved by Lieut. Joab and the other boys, who affirm that he was almost totally covered up with mud. Joab afterwards killed the hog with an axe and R. J. was appeased, but how Bob caught the hog was often told afterwards, causing a hearty laugh. One morning just after coming off picket some of us were at headquarters, talking to Col. Walker, when Gen. Gregg's orderly rode up and gave the colonel a paper. After reading it Col. W. asked him if Gen. Gregg had issued the same orders to the whole brigade. The orderly said no, only to the 3rd. Our old colonel was indignant, saying "the third don't do all the stealing in the army, but I will obey." Someone had robbed Gen. Gregg of his skillet, which to a soldier was indispensable and he had issued orders to search our regiment and notice of this was what nettled Col. Walker. "Well," says the colonel, "we will begin with Co. D." Now company D. had a private soldier in the person of Joe Dycus, a mere lad not over 16 or 17 years old, and as Joe had some reputation for his familiarity with brigade headquarters, at least with the cooking utensils thereof, the colonel searched Joe first, and to his great surprise he found the general's skillet. Joe was brought before Gregg, who said; "Dycus, why did you steal my skillet?" Joe held to it that he did not steal it. "Well, sir, how came you with it?" Joe was an uneducated fellow, and had a very droll pronunciation and answered the general: "I was just comin' from picketin' old Troth's landin' whar the skeeters like to eat me up, and I cum by here to ax you for the loan of your skillit, to make my cossh in and you war sleepin' so nicely I wouldn't wake you, but borried the skillit and was going to fetch it back soon as I was done my breakfast." Gen. Gregg laughed

and said; "Joe, when you want my skillet come and get it." Joe was a gallant boy and if he was uneducated, nature made him brave and generous, and he was true to the flag to the end. Another laughable story about Joe: He was captured in the Georgia campaign and sent north to prison, and after the surrender, the prisoners were paroled and Joe had wended his way back to Nashville, He was at the Old Decatur depot on Broad street waiting for the train and he SPIED A PIE STAND. Now, if there was anything that Joe loved better than anything else, pie was that thing; but he had no money, and yet he walked boldly up to the pieman and asked, "how der yer sell these pies?" The pie vender told him so much per pie, Joe replied: "I am axing you the price by the dozen." The pie man said: "one dollar per dozen in hard money and one dollar and a half in greenback." Joe said: "Put me up a dozen," and after receiving them he laid a confederate dollar on the counter and walked off. The pie man yelled at him to come back and Joe turned and asked what was the matter. The pie man said: "I told you that the pies were one dollar per dozen in hard money." Joe replied, "Mister, that is the durndest hardest money I ever seed," and he walked off wading into the pies as he went. The pie man laughed and said no more. Just after we arrived at Port Hudson a Louisiana colonel warned Col. Walker that the Louisiana regiment was made up of roughs from New Orleans and it stood us in hand to watch them, as they were not scrupulous about what they did. Col. Walker told him that the 3rd would take care of themselves, and that night we raided the Louisianians and pressed all their cooking utensils and everything else they had exposed. We gave some of the things back and some we kept, but they never retaliated. Our friend Geo.. S. had a negro he called Jim, whose complexion rivaled ebony in blackness. We christened him Scipio Africanus, in honor of the rival and destroyer of the great Hannibal. At all times of the day and night you could hear George whistling for Jim. He whistled in his doubled hands which made a very peculiar noise, and Jim would, when not asleep, come to the call. The boys learned George's whistle and were in the habit of imitating him, and many was the dark night when the redoubtable Scipio was kept running on the hunt of Mars George. After so long a time Scipio refused to answer call, not knowing whether 'twas genuine or not. Then you could hear Mars George yelling out! "Jim! Oh Jim! Don't you hear me whistle, you black rascal!" Scipio would make his appearance, and apologize with: "Fore God, Mars George, you know Ide a come if Ide a thunk you was a whistlin' fur me, but Mars Jessie Reed and Mars John Kennedy whistles jes' like you does and I think 'twas dem." George did not much like it, yet he would laugh, and he substituted some other sign for calling Scipio which the boys did not catch, so the whistling signal ceased. When George was discharged Scipio left the handlers of villainous gunpowder, came home and joined the ministry. What ever became of him I know not. My recollections of him are pleasant as he was the source of a great deal of fun for us. A very amusing incident occurred one day out on the Baton Rouge road. Our Stonewall Jackson, Tom, was on picket when a burly son of Ham came up. Tom halted him, cocked his gun and told him to get down on his knees. Africa BEGAN TO BEG FOR HIS LIFE and Tom in a very solemn manner told him that he had been looking for him a long time. The frightened negro wanted to know what was the matter and Tom told him that he been looking for somebody that he ranked ever since he joined the army and that he was the first one he had found, and he ordered him to move up promptly, which the negro was only too glad to do. While at Port Hudson we met some of Geo. W. Cable's Arcadians or cajuns. They are a medley of nationality and are possessed of all the mean and cunning points of all

of them. Their language is a jargon made up among themselves which no one but themselves can understand. They seem to understand English, but cannot speak it. They have no more idea of the responsibilities of citizenship than a mule. They know how to work and eat and there their ambition stops. They owned a number of slaves who were much like themselves. Yet living adjacent to Port Hudson were some of the most elegant and cultured people I ever met and many of them were very kind and hospitable. While at Port Hudson we got plenty of fish, it being no trouble to catch them. We would get a long pole, Either hickory or white oak, about one inch and a half in diameter at the large end and at the small end would make a hoop from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter, and to this we would fasten a bag net, and then we would stand on the bank of the river and dip for the fish, and in this way we caught a great many of them. Things went on this way until the night of the 12th of March, 1863. Before this we saw very little of the enemy. True their gunboats would make their appearance down the river and throw an occasional shell at us to let us know that the war was still going on, but on this memorable night the yankee fleet concluded to pass our batteries. Farragut had planted his mortar boats in range of our lines and after night he OPENED A FURIOUS SHELLING. Many of our men were asleep, but were soon in line and in the positions in the fortifications. The firmament was perfectly lurid with bursting shells, some of them as big as a flour barrel it seemed. There is no protection against mortar shells, for when they fall they do so almost perpendicularly. It was often remarked that night that they would find a man in the bottom of a well as well on level ground. After this shelling had continued for a while, Farragut steamed up the river with his fleet, consisting of the men of war Hartford, the flag ship, and the Mississippi, and the gunboats, Albatross, Manongahela and others. When they came in range of our batteries they opened on them, and the very earth trembled with the shock. Broadside after broadside came from the ships and was gallantly answered from our shore guns. The face of the father of waters was lighted up by the blazing flashes from the water and from the shore. One of our heavy batteries, manned by the 1st Alabama heavy artillery, was shooting red hot shot and you could see the missiles in their course, looking like an elongated blaze of fire. When the fleet had reached opposite about the center of our fortifications the sloop of war Mississippi took fire from the red hot shots, and the sight was GRANDLY TERRIFIC. The seamen could be seen darting to and fro trying to save themselves from the angry flames, while our batteries were still pouring their death dealing missiles into the devoted ship. In the meantime the Hartford and Albatross had passed the batteries, though badly crippled yet they were between us and Vicksburg. The Manongahela and the other gunboats dropped down out of range of our batteries badly disabled. The pilot of the Mississippi was trying to land her on the west bank, but our batteries kept up their fire, and as the grand ship struggled on with her cargo of human souls on board, our artillery men made the night ring with their yells. The blaze from the burning ship made everything bright as day which gave our men a better opportunity to fire with accuracy. At length the ship struck the western bank and the crew escaped to the shore only to be captured by our cavalry. All at once a shock as if a volcano had suddenly burst forth, shaking the earth and making a mighty excavation in the river. The fire had reached the magazine of the sloop and what only a few hours before (had been) one of the grandest ships in the American navy was destroyed. During all this time the mortars were still pouring their powder filled cast iron monsters among us. We were awfully shaken up all the time for they were out of range of our guns and we could not

return the fire. If you want to demoralize a soldier, place him under fire where he cannot return it and the bravest will become tremblingly uneasy. The infantry at Port Hudson were in this unenviable condition during the entire engagement. The scenic effect of this battle was grand in the extreme. Our hot-shot batteries in particular were splendid, both in appearance and effect. The roar of artillery, the bursting of the shells and the rapid flight of the fire balls through the air formed a panorama never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Farragut had his ship well protected by chains and other obstructions which saved him from utter destruction. Our casualties were trifling and our men had shown a splendid spirit, yet the enemy had succeeded in passing our batteries, which ought to have learned our authorities a lesson. While our position could not be captured by assault, yet it was rendered useless by the enemy passing us, for the only motive in holding the place was to keep the upper and lower fleet from uniting. Yet the lesson was lost and the imbecile attempt was kept up trying to hold the Mississippi without any fleet. This foolishness was kept up during the war in many places, and while the heroic armies of Virginia and the west were struggling against thribble their numbers, large garrisons were at Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington and other places doing nothing, which if Lee or Johnson had had they could have crushed the enemy in their front which would have produced splendid results. The biggest fool thing any commander ever did was to scatter his army over large tracts of territory with insignificant means of concentration, leaving his adversary at liberty to crush the detachments one at a time, yet our authorities at Richmond never gave up the idea that they could hold the Mississippi river and all important southern ports, and at the same time keep sufficient inland armies to defeat our enemies. 'Twas the splendid morale and unflinching spirit of the private soldier and the field commanders that won our many splendid and glorious victories, and not the superior military sagacity at Richmond. After the battle of Port Hudson we began to look up our damages. We had but few men killed and wounded and our fortifications were but little injured, but as before said, the confidence of the garrison was lowered, as it had been illustrated we could not prevent the enemy from passing our batteries. The mortar shelling, while it was very demoralizing, did very little real damage. The shells had the happy knack of falling inside our lines and in most instances fell on the bare earth where they dug great holes, almost large enough for cisterns. One shell burst near a very valuable mare belonging to Capt. Jno. S. Wilkes, of the 3rd and totally annihilated her. The whole of the next few days after the battle was taken up by the boys telling their experience of the night of the battle and many of them were highly interesting. No one of the infantry denied being demoralized, yet if the land forces had attacked us we would have forgotten the yankee fleet and with that historic southern yell we would have welcomed the assault and have taught them once more that ditches defended by confederate infantry were not to be taken by assault. There was no other fighting of any consequence at Port Hudson while our brigade remained there. In the meantime Farragut had carried the Hartford below our batteries and occasionally would steam up in range and exchange shot with Capt. Bledsoe who had two Blakely steel rifled cannons at the lowest battery. I remember one evening one of the gunboats came around the point and threw two shells up the river aimed at a little steamboat at the landing. Capt. Bledsoe answered with his two guns and the sides of the gunboat looked like a STREAK OF LIGHTNING had struck her. She floated down the river utterly helpless. I heard it said afterwards that if Capt. B. had had these two guns the night of the first assault he would have sunk the whole

fleet.

A few days before we left Port Hudson some of the 3rd Tenn. and some of the 7th Texas were on picket at Troth's landing below us and the Hartford was at anchor about the middle of the river and her crew were lying around on the deck and among the rigging. We were in range of them with our rifles and we opened fire from behind the levee and we created a regular stampede, but in a few moments open flew the ports and out shot a stream of fire followed by fifty and one hundred pounders which went screaming through the woods tearing down trees in their track, but we were safe behind the levee and no one was hurt. We never lost an opportunity to shoot at them and no doubt many are now drawing pensions and others tasting the realities of eternity by being too careless with their persons while in the federal fleet below Port Hudson. Early in the month of May Grant began his maneuvers around Vicksburg and we were ordered to Jackson. Many of our brigade had suffered from sickness while we were at Port Hudson, caused by the water we had to drink and the malarial character of the country around us. So the reader may the better understand, I will give a description of our position and its surroundings. Port Hudson is in West Feliciana Parish, on the east bank of the Mississippi river, about one hundred miles above New Orleans. The banks of the river at this point on the east side (from the mouth of Thompson's creek to the mouth of another small creek about two and a half miles below) are high, and away above high water, but east, southwest and north, the land is low, and often overflows which causes much malaria. The soil in this lowland is very rich and vegetation is rank. Stagnant water stand in many places, and to a Tennessean it looks as if it was only fit to be inhabited by frogs and snakes, of which there are multitudes, and the mosquito sings as merrily on Christmas day as on the 4th of July. The forest growth around the place is mostly magnolia. The trees are as large and numerous as are the beeches in this country, and in the blooming season the air is sickening, sweet by the odor of the magnolia blossom. The flower kingdom is well represented and often on the beautiful Cherokee rose you can see the little lizard, the camelion, which assumes the color of whatever object it touches. Our river batteries were at intervals all along the river from the mouth of one creek to the other, and our land fortifications extended around the north east and south sides of the position, and the troops were camped inside of the fortifications. The place was commanded by Maj. Gen. Pordien(?), a humane and gallant soldier. As before stated we left there early in May for Jackson. Our little brigade was soon to measure arms, single handed and alone, with McPherson's corps at the Raymond battlefield. I will now leave the brigade on the march, and in my next will give the battle of Raymond and other events around Jackson. I will from this on have an article in The Citizen every week until I finish my feeble attempt to give a history of the old 3rd Tenn. Reg't, from Fort Donelson to the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. The citizen made me say in my last 9th Texas when it should have been 7th Texas regiment. Hoping my comrades will excuse my long silence, I am with love for all living and dead confederates, one of the privates of the confederate army.

S. C. Mitchell



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THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND

The Mistakes of Pemberton and the Bravery of Our Boys.

When I left the brigade it was on the march to the N.O.J. & G.N. R.R. to take the cars for Jackson. We took the train at Osyka, a small village in Southern Mississippi. But when we got to Brook Haven we found that the track was torn up. Col. Grierson, the celebrated raider of the federal army, had made a raid going through the entire state of Mississippi and he had torn up the railroads in many places, Brook Haven being of the number. We marched north of the break and took the cars for Jackson which we reached on the 10th of May. Grant had landed his army on the east bank of the Mississippi and had defeated a small detachment of the confederates at Port Gibson. Gen. Gregg was ordered to take his brigade to Raymond in the western part of Hinds county. Jackson is in the same county and is the capital of the state, yet Raymond is the county seat of Hinds county. It was then a small unpretending town, inhabited exclusively by women and children and old men. All the able bodied men were in the army. Mississippi men who were able did their whole duty as soldiers, but the stay at homes were the stingiest and most ill-bred men in the whole south. We arrived near Raymond on the 11th and awaited orders. On the morning of the 12th our cavalry (and here let me say they were of the regular buttermilk order who had their washing done at home during the war) reported that the enemy had only one brigade in our front, which would have been but a small undertaking to rout and destroy it. For it is a well known fact that where forces were equal the confederates always won. Statements to the contrary are published in our school histories and are being taught our youth which should be corrected. The survivors of the confederate army have nothing to be ashamed of if the truth is written. In no battle of the war were the confederate superior to the federal in numbers. If such were so the fact argues utter imbecility on the part of the commanders of the federal army as the records of the war show the federal army had over TWO AND ONE HALF MILLION of enlisted men, while the largest estimate of the confederates was seven hundred and fifty thousand enlisted men. By a statement recently published, taken from the records of the war department, the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois furnished over one million of men for the federal army, two hundred and fifty thousand more than was in the whole southern army, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the other fifteen northern states were equally patriotic, and besides the slave states themselves furnished over two hundred thousand men for the federal army. A writer in the London Illustrated News last year stated it as a fact taken from statistics that the number of men placed hors' de combat during the war in the federal army was equal to the whole of the enlisted men in the southern army. It will be seen that it was utterly impossible for the confederates to have been in the majority in number in any battle unless the federal commander was a fool. I make this digressive statement simply to give the truth for I think the time is past for southern men to supinely sit down and permit such glaring falsehoods to be taught their children. We have no quarrel to make with our former foes. We honor them for courage and devotion to the

celebrated regiment was Lieut. Rob't. Seymour, who was in charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, and was wounded in six places. He wore a large silver medal, presented by her majesty, commemorative of that memorable occasion. What our cavalry reported to Gen. Gregg as one brigade was McPherson's corps of Grant's army, numbering fifteen thousand infantry and artillery. We had fought them all, with about twenty five hundred men, all told, and while we were defeated, yet the morale of the men was splendid. We fell back to Mississippi springs near the battle field and formed and the enemy did not follow us, which showed they had enough. We afterwards learned from some of our men who were captured and made their escape that the troops in our front was Logan's division, and on either flank was another division. Gen. Logan questioned one of our men very closely about what troops he was fighting and when told that it was only one brigade he became very wroth and said no brigade of rebels could break his division and that we had driven his men from two lines. We left our worst wounded in the hands of the good people of Raymond who treated them nobly. Lieut. Ridgway of the 3rd afterward married the lady who nursed him while suffering with a shattered arm and shoulder. This noble woman now survives him, living in Elkton, Tenn., loved by all who know her. As before stated the enemy did not follow up their victory and we moved back to Jackson, Miss. when we met GEN. JOE E. JOHNSTON who took command of Gregg's and Walker's and Gist's brigades of Georgians and South Carolinians. We had enacted the second scene in the acts of Pemberton's follies which was to result in the fall of Vicksburg and the capture of his army. I do not think in all the history of warfare there can be found a mistake equal to Pemberton's. When Gen. Bowen fought Grant at Port Gibson he only had part of a division while Pemberton and his whole army was close by and untrammelled, and when Pemberton ordered Gregg to Raymond he should have sent sufficient force with him to crush the McPherson corps. He ought never to have fought the battle of Baker's creek and should have kept out of Vicksburg even after he was defeated at that place. The fight should have been made when Grant landed and crushed his army detachment at a time as it landed, but to wait until the whole army was safely landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg and then to run against it brigade at a time was utter nonsense and could have resulted in nothing but disaster. Gen. Pemberton was one of Mr. Davis' pets who, like many others of the same kind were utterly incompetent for the positions they held. All of Pemberton's moves were failures. He had ruined the spirit of his men and they lost confidence in him and when such is a fact an army is of little good. Had he obeyed Gen. Johnston, Grant may have been defeated; at least his own army would have been saved from capture and humiliation. The government at Richmond seemed to think that Gen. Johnston should have prevented the investment of Vicksburg. It looks very well on paper when you read it but there are many facts connected with that campaign that remain yet untold. There is no manner of doubt that the only way to defeat Grant was directly opposite to the way resorted to. Gen. Johnston's orders were ignored or not carried out. Pemberton scattered his army instead of concentrating it and striking while Grant was unprepared. After the battle of Baker's creek Pemberton should have done as Loring did save his command and move in the direction of Gen. Johnston and not coop himself up in Vicksburg to be starved out. Gen. Johnston is blamed for not attacking Grant in the rear and relieving Pemberton. this was utterly impossible with force and means at his command. He at no time after he came to Jackson had more than twelve thousand men for duty. Grant had sixty thousand men with a large fleet at his command besides reinforcements were pouring

in all the time. Gen. Joe Johnston was TOO GOOD A SOLDIER to take his gallant little army and dash it to pieces against Grant's breastworks, and history tells how this same little army turned the tide afterwards that won the battle of Chickamauga. But to the immediate movements of our command as before stated the spirit of the men was splendid. Gen. Johnston, when the federal army reached Jackson, moved out north towards Canton and from thence to Vernon in the west portion of Madison county. Water was very scarce and awfully bad, most of it in stagnant ponds, yet we were glad to get it; we could feel the mosquitos or wiggle tails tickle our throats as we drank. One evening when we went into camp and broke ranks everybody rushed to one of the water ponds like thirsty cattle. We had with us then John Strong who was a recruit. John was possessed with that valuable and much coveted article a tin cup, and as tin cups were rare in the 3d John was frequently called on to loan his. Quite a body of men were waiting on the edge of the pond for the use of John's cup. Among the number was Serg't Charles Tidwell of Co. K. Charlie asked John to let him have his cup next. John instead gave it to one of the negro cooks of the reg't. Charlie thereupon undertook ala John Sullivan to knock John Strong out which he did about ten feet out in the pond. John floundered out but did not attack Charlie. We moved back to Canton again and while here Joe F. and John Strong went prowling for a bee gum full of honey. Joe had reconnoitered the premises during the day and after dark they went for the gum. Joe was very particular that they get a heavy gum. They took a shawl and tied it around the gum to keep the bees in and after everything was ready Joe helped the gum on John's back and they lit out for camp. When John would get tired Joe would carry the gum. John said Joe could get tired quicker than any man he ever saw, and that he carried the gum two thirds of the way. When they arrived at camp we all went up to inspect the prize. The gum was very heavy and we anticipated a feast in the morning. Joe and John had carried the gum over a mile. The next morning at daylight we opened the gem when lo, it was only FULL OF WET ASHES, and Joe with all his acute sagacity had stolen the old woman's ash hopper instead of her bee gum. We all had a hearty laugh but regretted the mistake for a soldier loved honey. We moved from Canton to Yazoo City. The weather was now getting bad and marching was very fatigueing. While on the march from Canton to Yazoo City we heard of the mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson, and our little army was sad at the news. You could see from the countenances of the men that they felt one of our main props was gone. We had never seen him but the renown of such a man as Jackson is coextensive with the civilized world. And when the future historian shall collect the names of the great generals in the late war that of Jackson will be written on the top line, for to measure him by his actions he was the greatest of them all. While on the march we had acquired the practice or habit of hallowing at every horseman that passed us. The troops on this march were Greggs', Walker's, Ector's, McNair's, Gists' brigades under Maj. Gen. W.H.T. Walker more familiarly known to the soldiers as OLD HELL FIRE. Now on his staff was a little towheaded dude named Wilson who felt more consequential than Darius before the battle of Arbela. He was a volunteer aid with the rank of captain. One evening while riding along by McNair's brigade the men of Col. Hawthorne's reg't began to laugh at him, some calling him monkey and other names. He halted and drew his pistol and threatened to fire into the regiment. Some of the men told him if he did they would riddle him with bullets. He rode off and reported the circumstance to Gen. Walker. When he told the general he had drawn his pistol on the regiment the general laughed and said to him, "I admire your courage but